

THE WORKS.

"We were capturing the Italians by thousands after the Battle of Bardia and it was rather difficult to know what to do with them, so we herded them on to a whopping big plain just a few miles away and put four Australians with Bren guns to guard them," writes an Australian officer.

"More and more prisoners came in, the group got larger and larger and the Australians further and further apart.

"That evening, the C.O. decided to look at them before changing the guard. First three Australians were O.K., but when he came to the fourth, the C.O. nearly died of apoplexy.

"Here was this bright lad with the gun in pieces before him, explaining to the Dagoes around him just how it worked! Poor C.O."

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OUR CLUTTERED BUSES.

"She climbed into a small suburban bus encumbered by a small child, the inevitable shopping-bag and as festoon of parcels."

—Woman's Mirror," Sydney.

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Astrologers are among the worst of the prophets.

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America will deliver the goods!



LEND to Defend the Right to be FREE!

JOIN THE NATIONAL SAVINGS MOVEMENT

COULD YOU DO THIS?

"Arthur Merton describes an incident of the high Greek spirit. Mule-packs failed to arrive to carry ammunition. A goat herded offered help. He whistled shrilly, summoning his flock of goats, and tied a shell under the stomach of each goat; then he nimbly led the goats up the mountain side."

—"Sun," Newcastle, N.S.W.

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"It's no use! I've resisted the temptation long enough!"

"Daily Mirror"

SECRET SERVICE

"The 'New York Times' understands that warplanes, guns, equipment, food in British ships on the orderfe Wou and clothing are already on the high seas in British ships on the way to Greece."

—"Express," Morlong, N.S.W.

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CANDID CRITICISM

"A pretty wedding took place at the Church of England, Cootamundra . . . A reception was hell in the church hall. The honeymoon is being spent in Melbourne."

—"Randwick-Coogee Weekly,"

N.S.W.

BUT WHAT OF THE HEN?

"An Australorp entered by Mr. P. C. M. McCooey, of Carlingford, won the grand championship, also the trophy for the highest score, in the Lithgow egg-laying competition, which covered 353 days. Mr. McCooey's score was 274 eggs, averaging 26oz. a dozen."

—"S. M. Herald," Sydney.

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An Irish soldier in France during the last war received a letter from his wife saying there was not an able bodied man left, so she was going to dig the garden herself.

Pat wrote back beginning his letter: "Bridget for heaven's sake don't dig the garden. That's where the guns are."

The letter was duly censored, and in a short time a lorry load of men in khaki arrived at Pat's house and proceeded to dig the garden from end to end. Bridget wrote back in desperation, saying she did not know what to do, as the soldiers had dug up every bit of the garden.

Pat's reply was short and to the point, "Put in spuds."

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"What do you think of this war?" asked the recruit.

"I think it's a wait-and-see war!" replied his companion.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, Goering's got the weight, and Churchill's got the sea!"

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MATRIMONIAL COMPLICATION

"Nicholas also declared that alterations to the Goorangai somewhat married the view of the lights."

—"News," Adelaide.

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Dealer: This parrot is a good talker, sir, but I must admit he swears a bit.

Customer: I'll take him. I don't want a bird who's superior to me socially.